

One Copy one year, in advance	\$1.00
" " " " " " " "	1.00
" " " " " " " "	1.00
" " " " " " " "	1.00

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, the Markets and General Information.

In Future.

It seems to me the best of expectations
Has not yet been reached to the perfect flower
That with its world is an exhalation.
The world of faith will flower.
The lamps will light and the stars of promise
The faintest gleam of a distant sun
That makes an eager salutation from us
Till nobler heights are won.
The past was but the preface of the story
In which the romance of our lives is wrought;
The deeds that win imperishable glory
Live scarcely in our thought.

What'er we do fall short of our intention;
The structure lacks the beauty we design;
And to our souls the home ascending,
Depart and leave no sign.

By all the doubts and trials that we vex us,
By all the falls and failures that we see,
By all the strange delusions that perplex us,
And yield no fruits of joy.

We know that unto mortals is not given
The strength of knowledge that is yet in store
For us, ere yet we walk the streets of heaven,
And dream of walks no more.

The heart of earth has secrets yet withheld,
That wait the dawning of some future day,
When angel hosts will come to us so gilded
Shall roll the stone away.

Man has not touched the zenith of creation;
The golden throne that filled Job's mind
Has in him but feeble revelation,
Uncertain, unaided.

The days when time reaches its fruition,
When moments are weighed with no vain regret,
Those days when the soul has sweet provision,
Draw nigh, but are not yet.

—Josephine Pollock.

THE QUAKER ARTIST.

"I tell thee now, Richard, that thee'll
never get a cent of my money if thee
keeps on with this devil's work."
The speaker was Friend Joseph Harris,
and he held at arm's length a small
picture in water color, the features of
which were hardly discernible in the
gloom of the winter morning. Friend
Joseph had been at the barn, as was his
custom, to feed the cattle and feed
the horses before breakfast, and had
discovered this humble bit of art in a
nook in the granary. He did not want
to be told that it was his son Richard's
work, whose inclination to such ungainly
pursuits had been the distress of his
parents' lives.

Full of suppressed wrath Joseph
burst into the kitchen where the family
were waiting breakfast, and without
preference addressed the son with the
picture, which he considered the most dreadful
he could use—that of dishonor. It
meant something, too, for in spite of his
plain surroundings, Joseph Harris was
nearly two hundred acres of land worth
a hundred and fifty dollars an acre,
and he visits to the county town on
the first of April of each year were not
to pay interest but to receive it. A
tall, straight figure, he was wearing
sixty years of age, but as vigorous as a
youth, with quick motions and sharp
black eyes, indicated that his nature
chained for life by the strict discipline
of the Society of Friends.

His son Richard, now turned of twenty-
two, was of a different mold, short
and stout, but his face was fine, his
eyes seemed heavy and vacant, but this
was in fact the abstraction of the
dreamer. His soft brown eyes, and
hair clustering in the curls over his
low but broad forehead, made a contrast
for his somewhat commonplace features.

The moment his father entered the
kitchen Richard felt that his secret
labor had been discovered, but his
anxiety was more for it than for his
self. He rarely dared face his father's
anger, for Joseph Harris, like many of
his sect, made up his mind at once
for the smooth and passionless exterior
he maintained abroad.

"Will thee give it to me, father?"
said Richard, advancing toward the
outstretched hand which held the
sketch, while the hand's owner con-
templated it with unshakable disgust.
"Poor little painting! It is a frag-
ment of an angel, with a face that
which Richard had been looking at in
the 'hill field' and which had
abided in his memory clothed with the
halo of a hundred day-dreams. There
was a corner of a face, the forehead
green, half shading into tints of
brown and red. A rivulet leaving a
piece of meadow still gay with autumn
tints, rippling and sparkling out of the
sunlight into the shade of the drying
leaves. What courage and hope it must
have followed in thought its waters
as they flowed on to the quiet creek
and then to the stately Delaware river,
and far out till they met the mighty ocean
which washes the shores of all the world.

And as he mechanically plunged his
husking knife into the shucks and
turned out the golden ears one after
the other, he humbled took this lesson
to himself, that his work, and his
"I, too, must have more courage,
firmer hope. Why should not I go
forward in my study of art with greater
faith? I must, I will." And to fasten
this little piece of meadow as a constant
reminder, sketching the time on First
days and Fifth days, when his father
and mother were at meeting, and his
little brother, the colored man, who
was left to look after the stock. One
copy he had sent on a venture to an
commission house in New York, the other
he had hidden in the barn.

It had acquired a kind of sanctity to
him, and each tree had become a sym-
bol of some rebuff or danger he was
faced to encounter in his future life.
He had, moreover, described it to Sib-
billa Vernon, and had promised that
she should be the sole possessor of his
aspirations that he would bring it over
some time to her. But Sibbilla lived two
miles away, and his parents were
regarded every work of art as profanity,
this would have to be managed with due
caution.

Richard's first impulse, therefore,
was to secure the picture. But his
father had a double cause of displeas-
ure, and his anger was deep. He had
agreed to give Richard a fourth share
in the profits of the farm this year, and
not only was this painting business an
ungodly amusement, but also a waste of
precious time and a loss of money. It
must be stopped.

With these words, which Friend
Harris spoke slowly and with that
sight catching intonation which charac-
terizes the utterances of the speakers
in meeting, the solemnity of which was
further increased by the use of the
formal "thou" instead of the usual
"thee," he stepped to the kitchen
displace, where a goodly wood fire was
burning under the crane, and striking
the picture against the corner of the
mantelpiece over a rugged split through
its center and threw the whole into the
flames. In a moment it was a shriveled
cinder.

There are certain natures whose in-
herent strength can only be developed
by a violent shock. Full of latent power,
their weakness comes from a native
humility. They distrust themselves
toward a genuine admiration of others.
Such was Richard Harris. But the
necessary shock had come. He gazed at
the smoldering cinder, his face crimsoned,
but the severe discipline of the
Society and the family exercised the
sympathy it usually threw even on the
very young among Friends.

"Father," he said, in a low and even
tone, "I repeat what I have often told
thee, the no light that is in evil
in painting; but thee thinks there is
I shall bid thee and mother farewell
to-day, and seek employment else-
where. I shall not ask thee for any
share in the estate."

Taking his hat from the window-
sill he passed out of the kitchen door,
leaving his father speechless with amaze-
ment at this rebellious utterance, and
his mother with tears in her eyes. He
was instantly in misery between carrying out
the severe role of his husband whom
she feared, and yielding to her tender-
ness for her boy whom she loved—
wiping her tears without emitting any
sound, either word or sob. As for his
two sisters they sat demure and motion-
less through the whole scene, at heart
rather pleased at it, as they had been
secretly looking for a change in the
household, and thought him a queer,
wasteful, uncomfortable member of the
household. Moreover, younger
sister, who had been a student of art
at once the pecuniary advantage to
him of his renunciation of his share
of the estate.

Richard went toward the barn and
took a seat in a nook of the corn-fodder
stack that was built along the side of
the barnyard. He did not feel the cold
raw air of the early morning. His mind
was too full of the step he was about to
take and what had become of his life
or never he must quit the farm, re-
nounce the teachings of the Society,
throw aside the coat with standing col-
lar and the broad-brimmed hat, and
give up the plain language, reject the
counsel of the venerable faces of meet-
ing who would surely be appointed to
visit him, and prove a recreant to the
strict and severe discipline of the Society.
All this was meant by a pursuit of his
strong bias for art.

Why was he born with it? Whence
came it? These questions he had often
asked himself. For six generations his
ancestors had never tolerated a brush,
palette, not a painting nor a statue nor
a musical instrument nor any drama or
work of fiction had been allowed in
the household. For six generations his
ancestors had never tolerated a brush,
palette, not a painting nor a statue nor
a musical instrument nor any drama or
work of fiction had been allowed in
the household. For six generations his
ancestors had never tolerated a brush,
palette, not a painting nor a statue nor
a musical instrument nor any drama or
work of fiction had been allowed in
the household.

His son Richard, now turned of twenty-
two, was of a different mold, short
and stout, but his face was fine, his
eyes seemed heavy and vacant, but this
was in fact the abstraction of the
dreamer. His soft brown eyes, and
hair clustering in the curls over his
low but broad forehead, made a contrast
for his somewhat commonplace features.

The moment his father entered the
kitchen Richard felt that his secret
labor had been discovered, but his
anxiety was more for it than for his
self. He rarely dared face his father's
anger, for Joseph Harris, like many of
his sect, made up his mind at once
for the smooth and passionless exterior
he maintained abroad.

"Will thee give it to me, father?"
said Richard, advancing toward the
outstretched hand which held the
sketch, while the hand's owner con-
templated it with unshakable disgust.
"Poor little painting! It is a frag-
ment of an angel, with a face that
which Richard had been looking at in
the 'hill field' and which had
abided in his memory clothed with the
halo of a hundred day-dreams. There
was a corner of a face, the forehead
green, half shading into tints of
brown and red. A rivulet leaving a
piece of meadow still gay with autumn
tints, rippling and sparkling out of the
sunlight into the shade of the drying
leaves. What courage and hope it must
have followed in thought its waters
as they flowed on to the quiet creek
and then to the stately Delaware river,
and far out till they met the mighty ocean
which washes the shores of all the world.

And as he mechanically plunged his
husking knife into the shucks and
turned out the golden ears one after
the other, he humbled took this lesson
to himself, that his work, and his
"I, too, must have more courage,
firmer hope. Why should not I go
forward in my study of art with greater
faith? I must, I will." And to fasten
this little piece of meadow as a constant
reminder, sketching the time on First
days and Fifth days, when his father
and mother were at meeting, and his
little brother, the colored man, who
was left to look after the stock. One
copy he had sent on a venture to an
commission house in New York, the other
he had hidden in the barn.

It had acquired a kind of sanctity to
him, and each tree had become a sym-
bol of some rebuff or danger he was
faced to encounter in his future life.
He had, moreover, described it to Sib-
billa Vernon, and had promised that
she should be the sole possessor of his
aspirations that he would bring it over
some time to her. But Sibbilla lived two
miles away, and his parents were
regarded every work of art as profanity,
this would have to be managed with due
caution.

With these words, which Friend
Harris spoke slowly and with that
sight catching intonation which charac-
terizes the utterances of the speakers
in meeting, the solemnity of which was
further increased by the use of the
formal "thou" instead of the usual
"thee," he stepped to the kitchen
displace, where a goodly wood fire was
burning under the crane, and striking
the picture against the corner of the
mantelpiece over a rugged split through
its center and threw the whole into the
flames. In a moment it was a shriveled
cinder.

There are certain natures whose in-
herent strength can only be developed
by a violent shock. Full of latent power,
their weakness comes from a native
humility. They distrust themselves
toward a genuine admiration of others.
Such was Richard Harris. But the
necessary shock had come. He gazed at
the smoldering cinder, his face crimsoned,
but the severe discipline of the
Society and the family exercised the
sympathy it usually threw even on the
very young among Friends.

"Father," he said, in a low and even
tone, "I repeat what I have often told
thee, the no light that is in evil
in painting; but thee thinks there is
I shall bid thee and mother farewell
to-day, and seek employment else-
where. I shall not ask thee for any
share in the estate."

Taking his hat from the window-
sill he passed out of the kitchen door,
leaving his father speechless with amaze-
ment at this rebellious utterance, and
his mother with tears in her eyes. He
was instantly in misery between carrying out
the severe role of his husband whom
she feared, and yielding to her tender-
ness for her boy whom she loved—
wiping her tears without emitting any
sound, either word or sob. As for his
two sisters they sat demure and motion-
less through the whole scene, at heart
rather pleased at it, as they had been
secretly looking for a change in the
household, and thought him a queer,
wasteful, uncomfortable member of the
household. Moreover, younger
sister, who had been a student of art
at once the pecuniary advantage to
him of his renunciation of his share
of the estate.

Richard went toward the barn and
took a seat in a nook of the corn-fodder
stack that was built along the side of
the barnyard. He did not feel the cold
raw air of the early morning. His mind
was too full of the step he was about to
take and what had become of his life
or never he must quit the farm, re-
nounce the teachings of the Society,
throw aside the coat with standing col-
lar and the broad-brimmed hat, and
give up the plain language, reject the
counsel of the venerable faces of meet-
ing who would surely be appointed to
visit him, and prove a recreant to the
strict and severe discipline of the Society.
All this was meant by a pursuit of his
strong bias for art.

Why was he born with it? Whence
came it? These questions he had often
asked himself. For six generations his
ancestors had never tolerated a brush,
palette, not a painting nor a statue nor
a musical instrument nor any drama or
work of fiction had been allowed in
the household. For six generations his
ancestors had never tolerated a brush,
palette, not a painting nor a statue nor
a musical instrument nor any drama or
work of fiction had been allowed in
the household. For six generations his
ancestors had never tolerated a brush,
palette, not a painting nor a statue nor
a musical instrument nor any drama or
work of fiction had been allowed in
the household.

His son Richard, now turned of twenty-
two, was of a different mold, short
and stout, but his face was fine, his
eyes seemed heavy and vacant, but this
was in fact the abstraction of the
dreamer. His soft brown eyes, and
hair clustering in the curls over his
low but broad forehead, made a contrast
for his somewhat commonplace features.

The moment his father entered the
kitchen Richard felt that his secret
labor had been discovered, but his
anxiety was more for it than for his
self. He rarely dared face his father's
anger, for Joseph Harris, like many of
his sect, made up his mind at once
for the smooth and passionless exterior
he maintained abroad.

"Will thee give it to me, father?"
said Richard, advancing toward the
outstretched hand which held the
sketch, while the hand's owner con-
templated it with unshakable disgust.
"Poor little painting! It is a frag-
ment of an angel, with a face that
which Richard had been looking at in
the 'hill field' and which had
abided in his memory clothed with the
halo of a hundred day-dreams. There
was a corner of a face, the forehead
green, half shading into tints of
brown and red. A rivulet leaving a
piece of meadow still gay with autumn
tints, rippling and sparkling out of the
sunlight into the shade of the drying
leaves. What courage and hope it must
have followed in thought its waters
as they flowed on to the quiet creek
and then to the stately Delaware river,
and far out till they met the mighty ocean
which washes the shores of all the world.

And as he mechanically plunged his
husking knife into the shucks and
turned out the golden ears one after
the other, he humbled took this lesson
to himself, that his work, and his
"I, too, must have more courage,
firmer hope. Why should not I go
forward in my study of art with greater
faith? I must, I will." And to fasten
this little piece of meadow as a constant
reminder, sketching the time on First
days and Fifth days, when his father
and mother were at meeting, and his
little brother, the colored man, who
was left to look after the stock. One
copy he had sent on a venture to an
commission house in New York, the other
he had hidden in the barn.

It had acquired a kind of sanctity to
him, and each tree had become a sym-
bol of some rebuff or danger he was
faced to encounter in his future life.
He had, moreover, described it to Sib-
billa Vernon, and had promised that
she should be the sole possessor of his
aspirations that he would bring it over
some time to her. But Sibbilla lived two
miles away, and his parents were
regarded every work of art as profanity,
this would have to be managed with due
caution.

FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart.
Mrs. Stewart has passed seven years
of widowhood, and during this time has
occupied the most spacious house ever
built in the Fifth avenue—previously to
the Vanderbilt palace. She lives here
entirely alone with the sole exception
of her housekeeper, a half-dozen ser-
vants and the coachman. The establish-
ment is kept closed, and in appearance,
at least, is one of the loneliest
places in the city. The palatial struc-
ture stands back from the street at least
thirty feet, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests the idea of a "man-
sion," and the name is not inaptly
applied. It is a very interesting question
its occupant is old and cannot last long,
and hence the place is peculiarly liable
to the law of mutation. Mrs. Stewart
lives here, for Stewart's last required
a display of retirement. Viewed in
front the immense structure seems
consecrated to silence. The curtains
are down and the broad porch
which crosses Thirty-fourth street is
seldom entered till evening. In fact
the enormous building now
suggests

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1882.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS FOR 1882.

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

The Press entered its thirtieth (30th) volume on January 1st, 1882. Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the Press more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM, Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1882.

AGENTS WANTED!

—Book Agents, Postmasters, or any one engaged in canvassing, can make a fair profit by engaging in soliciting subscriptions for this paper. Address PEOPLE'S PRESS for particulars. None but reliable, energetic and honest agents need apply.

—Elections will be held in twenty-three States this year.

—The condition of Gov. Holden remains unchanged.

—Heavy snow squall along the Hudson River, N. Y., Monday.

—Severe cold weather is reported in Europe, injuring crops, fruits, &c.

—The horse pinkeye is in Durham, and seems to be moving up this way.

—The author of the Sheriff Estes affair is said to be Cane Campbell, of Patrick County, Va.

—Judge Dick will deliver the annual address before Peace Institute, Raleigh, June 6th.

—The Greensboro Female College is advertised for sale. Hopes are entertained that arrangements will be made to stop the sale.

—Dr. Canedo asks an extension of time for 30 days to pay over the purchase money for the States' interest in the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad.

—The communication from Rev. James E. Hall, was not received till Wednesday morning, having previously received an account of the lightning at Mr. Spauld's.

—STATE FAIR IN OCTOBER.—Notice is given this early to enable all to prepare for this annual exhibit.

W. B. Gulick, Secretary N. C. Agricultural Society, is now engaged in the preparation of the Premium List of the Exposition in October next, and that he solicits suggestions from all persons who feel an interest in the subject, especially in the arrangement of premiums for all industries or products of North Carolina likely to be represented. The Society hopes to embrace in this exhibit every interest of the State, whether belonging to Agriculture, Stock Raising, Mining, Mechanics or Manufacturing, and to so classify the premiums that all kinds of products shall be suitably considered.

All correspondence should be addressed to the Secretary, at Raleigh, N. C.

From Washington.

The President sent to the Senate the following nominations: Henry M. Teller, of Colorado, to be Secretary of the Interior; William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, Secretary of the Navy; Wm. H. Hunt, of Louisiana, Minister to Russia; J. N. Knox, of Minnesota, Comptroller of the Currency, a renomination, his term having expired. The Senate in executive session unanimously confirmed the nomination of Teller, and referred the others to the appropriate committees. He also nominated Roland Worthington, editor and proprietor of the Boston Traveler, to be collector of customs at Boston.

WASHINGTON, April 8.—Congressman Thomas Allen, of Missouri, who has been ill at the Arlington Hotel for several weeks, died at 3 o'clock this morning.

WASHINGTON, April 11.—A cold snap extended all over the North yesterday from Delaware to Iowa and Michigan. Snow fell in Michigan and ice three-fourths of an inch thick formed at some places in Delaware. Considerable anxiety is felt for the fruit crop.

Industrial Items.

Roasting-ears and watermelons are the Florida luxuries just now.

The first brick on the new cotton factory at Greenville, S. C., was laid Saturday a week last.

A Wilmington firm are arranging to put up a rice mill in Washington, N. C., during the present year.

About \$30,000 have already been subscribed toward the erection of a cotton factory at Winooski, S. C.

A northern gentleman has purchased property near Camden, S. C., upon which to erect a cotton factory.

A bent wood factory is about to be established near Charlottesville, Va., at which will be manufactured plow-handles, felloes, chair-arms, &c.

In order to build up railroad enterprises in Texas, the Legislature has passed a law exempting them from taxation for a period of twenty years.

The Sloss Furnace Company of Birmingham, Ala., while boring a well for water near their new furnace, struck a vein of petroleum at a depth of 214 feet.

To the Press of North Carolina.

Branson's Business Directory, 6th edition is now in course of preparation. The first edition was published about sixteen years ago. The Directory will be the largest, fullest and most accurate of any yet published, and will contain the population of each county, county officers, courts, town officers, magistrates, churches, ministers, lawyers, manufacturers, merchants and tradesmen, physicians, postoffices, schools, local corporations, prominent farmers, besides much other valuable information. The North Carolina press has heretofore kindly aided me in my difficult work of completing the Directory. For past favors I return thanks. You can aid me in preparing the present edition, and especially in reference to the statistics of your particular counties. If you will aid me please insert in your paper and give me such other help as you may see proper. Send me a copy of your paper containing the card, I will place it on file and send you the Directory, as soon as ready, in exchange. The book will be worth \$5 per copy. L. BRANSON, Publisher North Carolina Directory, Raleigh, N. C.

THE TRAGIC DEATH OF JESSE JAMES.

JAMES, THE OUTLAW.—The following are the particulars of the shooting of Jesse James. After breakfast Jesse James and Charles Ford went to the stable to curdy the horses, and on returning to the room where Ford was James said: "It's an awful hot day." He pulled off his coat and waistcoat and tossed them on the bed. Then he said: "I guess I'll take off my pistols for fear somebody will see them if I walk in the yard." He unbuckled the belt, in which he carried two 45-caliber revolvers, and laid them on the bed with his coat and waistcoat. He then got on a chair to turn some pictures, his back being turned to the brothers, who stepped between Jesse and his revolvers. A sign from Charles, both drew their pistols. With a quick motion Robert had his pistol ready, with the muzzle not more than four feet from the back of the outlaw's head. Even that motion, quick though it was, did not escape the acute ears of the outlaw. He made a motion as if to turn his head to ascertain the cause, but it was too late, and a well directed ball crashed through his skull. There was no outcry. The ball had entered the base of the skull and made its way out through the forehead over the left eye. It had been fired out of a Colt's "45" improved revolver, silver-mounted and pearl-handled, which had been presented to his slayer only a few days before.

Mrs. James heard the shot and ran into the room. She saw her husband lying on his back, and the Ford, each holding his revolver in his hand, making for the fence in the rear of the house. Robert was in the act of scaling it, when she stepped to the door and called out to him.

"Robert, you have done this; come back!"

They then returned to where she stood. Mrs. James ran to the side of her husband and lifted up his head. When she asked, "What did he do?" she said: "He wanted to say something, but could not. He died in her arms."

Prosecuting Attorney Wallace, of Jackson county, and Mattie Collins, wife of Dick Little, arrived here this morning. They both identified the remains of Jesse James and Mr. Wallace was taken charge of the remains. The remains were handsomely laid out and encased in an expensive casket. The body was taken to Kearney, Clay county, and buried on the James homestead on Wednesday. There has been considerable of a wrangle over the remains between H. H. Craig, Police Commissioner of Kansas City, and Sheriff Timberlake, of Clay county, and the local authorities, who insisted upon seeing the body placed in the keeping of the relatives, instead of being taken to Kansas City. The body was officially turned over to Mrs. James by Coroner Hoddens this afternoon on the order of the jury of Buchanan county, and the dispatch of Governor Crittenden. The jam on the depot platform as the relatives stepped from their conveyances to take the train was tremendous. Mrs. Samuels was the most conspicuous personage in the throng. She insisted upon having an official escort from this city, fearing that an attempt would be made to take the body from the train at Kansas City.

Captain E. Ford, brother of Robert and Charles, arrived here this morning. In an interview he said: "I have been in this thing since last fall and tried several months to get Charles and Bob into it. Jesse said if any of us went back on him he would kill us. We thought he was after us, and for that reason we went into it. I knew the boys had him located, but did not know where. It was only a question of who should shoot first. We tried to get him to our house and he did come there twice, but I was at home other time and nothing was done. I know where Frank James is, but don't propose to tell just now. But he is somewhere East. Frank will avenge Jesse's death, and somebody connected with the affair will undoubtedly be killed. This matter is not yet ended."

The Ford boys are close prisoners. When interviewed this morning they betrayed a nervous anxiety about their fate. Up to within 12 hours ago they did not seem to realize the gravity of their situation, but to-day Robert confessed to a reporter that if he had known that he would be taken to a city jail cell he would not have killed Jesse.

THE FUNERAL OF JESSE JAMES.

A dispatch from Kearney, Mo., near which town is the home of Mrs. Samuels, the mother of Jesse James, says the train bearing the remains of the once dreaded bandit arrived at that place about 1 o'clock Friday morning. Quite a number of people were at the depot and the scene was a very pathetic one. Mrs. Samuels

could not restrain her feelings. To a reporter present she said: "I know it had to come, but my dear boy Jesse is better off in heaven to-day than he would be here amongst us." The party went directly to the Kearney Hotel, where Dr. Samuels met them. The body was taken to his office and the casket opened. The crowd was admitted to look. Mrs. Samuels and Jesse's widow entered with the children at 2 a. m. The scene was terrible. The boys were shrieks; moans and curses, and Luther James, Johnny Mimms, Sam Kaufman, a noted desperado, and party arrived this morning and viewed the remains. He was telegraphed to come by Luther James, cousin of the dead man. The funeral party left the hotel for the Baptist church at 2:10 p. m. First came the wagon with the corpse and next the family, then mounted officers. The last wagon contained the reporters. An immense crowd on horseback and on foot and in wagons followed. The pall-bearers were Sheriff Timberlake, Deputy Reed, Charles Scott, J. B. Henderson, J. D. Ford, Ben Flanders and James Vaughn. On the hill around the church was a big crowd. At the door the Rev. Mr. Martin met the mourners and asked Mrs. Samuels if she objected to Brother James assisting in services. She said she did not. After the body was carried into the church the services began with the hymn, "What friend I have in Jesus." The Rev. Mr. Jones followed in prayer, after which the hymn, "Where Shall Rest be Found," was sung. The Rev. Mr. Martin followed with the funeral sermon, which was full of comfort for the mourners, and in which he dwelt on Christ's forbearance and willingness to forgive. The procession started for the farm in the same order in which it went from the hotel to the church. It was followed by an immense crowd.

State Items.

—Robt. B. Lynch and Edmund B. Jones, of North Carolina, have been appointed cadets to the Military Academy at West Point.

—The High Point Pioneer says: The survey of the Winston & Fayetteville R. R. is progressing rapidly being completed and located for 25 miles south of High Point, and we are reliably informed that the grading will commence at High Point about the 25th of this month.

—The Charlotte Observer says: Already preparations are being arranged to make the celebrations of the 20th of May for this year an occasion long to be remembered. A letter has been received by Captain E. F. Young, of the Hornets' Nest Riflemen, from Adjutant General Jones, conveying the gratifying intelligence that he would order an encampment of the State Guard in Charlotte for several days about that time, and of course the military here will do the honors of the occasion. A big programme is shortly to be mapped out, General Hancock and staff, Governor Jarvis and staff, and quite a number of other prominent gentlemen are to be invited.

—Oxford Orphan Asylum notes from the Friend: Last month we received about 475 subscriptions. The amount of cash receipts for the past year reached \$14,540.64; the disbursements \$14,087.93. This left a balance of \$452.71 on hand to begin the present year of \$452.74.

—Average cash expenses for each orphan is five dollars a month. On this they are fed, clothed, taught and all necessary expenses paid.

—The Superintendent, in his last report to the Grand Lodge, says: "During the nine years through which our Order has been extended, our faith has ended in fruition, our hope has been lost in the sight of a pleasing reality, and our never-failing charity has reacted on this life and extended its blessed influence beyond the grave."—The receipts of the Asylum for some weeks from private sources have been quite small.

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.

—No action will be taken at the request of Federal Judge Carter vs. the Western N. C. R. R. except the filing of the pleadings.

Judge Schenck, attorney for the railroad company, has filed a demurrer to Carter's complaint, assigning sixteen causes why the suit should be dismissed.

A Judge Dillard, attorney for the State of North Carolina, also filed a demurrer, assigning fifteen causes for the dismissal of the suit and also a plea of the statute of limitations.

Col. Tate, one of the respondents, through his counsel, Col. Staples, filed an elaborate and what appears to be a conclusive answer in his own defense, and the former was read by Judge Bynum, attorney for Col. McAden, was absent on account of illness, and was allowed 20 days within which to answer. U. S. Commissioner Patterson, of Morganton, was appointed to take the deposition of Hon. Burgess S. Gaither.

Argument on the demurrers will be heard by Judge Dillard at an early day. It is understood that Messrs. Buford, Clyde, Logan and ex-Senator Gordon, and several eminent Richmond and New York lawyers will be present. Judge Schenck is managing counsel.

NEWSPAPERS.

—There is a serious famine in Zululand, owing to the failure of the crops because of the drought.

—A charge of murder in the first degree has been made by a coroner's jury against the slayers of Jesse James.

—An effective medicine for kidney diseases, low fevers and nervous prostration, well worthy of a trial, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

—It is calculated that in London a child is born every five minutes.

—Exchange. A child that is born every five minutes must be a world of trouble and expense to its parents.

—Another dynamite mine has been discovered beneath the Nichols Railroad, at the fourth station from Moscow, Russia. Many persons have been arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the plot.

Beauty Regained.

The beauty and color of the hair may be safely regained by using Parker's Hair Balm, which is much admired for its perfume, cleanliness and dandruff eradicating properties.

—Western dispatches report a series of tornadoes Thursday at different points in the Kansas Territory. Houses were demolished in many places in Kansas, Illinois and Michigan, and lives were lost in all these States.

—Patti, the great singer, left New York for Paris on last Wednesday. Her manager, Mr. Abbey, said that if Patti returned here next season to sing it would be under his management. He thought that in her 38 performances here she had netted nearly \$175,000. He had paid her \$150,000 for 33 representations.

—After lynching the two cattle thieves at Pueblo, New Mexico, last Thursday night, the mob, which had been increased from twelve to twenty-five men, rode about ten miles from Pueblo to where the two Clinton brothers and Frank Orsby were stopping, captured the three men, marched them into a grove and hanged them, thus making five men lynched for cattle stealing.

—Monsieur Albin, the "iron horseman," of the Forepaugh combination, started on his mammoth bicycle from Philadelphia on Monday afternoon, at half past 3 o'clock, arriving at Washington Tuesday afternoon at about the same hour, traversing the distance of 130 miles in twenty-four hours, besides making an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—New Orleans, April 7.—The Times-Democrat's Morgan City special says the situation here is fast becoming desperate. The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

—The water continues to rise, and the city is being made an extra journey of twenty-five miles, by taking the wrong road somewhere during the trip. His bicycle measures ten feet in diameter, making thirty feet at every revolution.

the price, or of
parts of the